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CURRENT FRENCH TOPICS.

THE BISHOP OF AUTUN AT THE ACADEMY-SOCIETY SLANG.

(PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)
PARIS, April 20.
The reception of the Bishop of Autum at the Academy attracted many dignitaries of the Church, priests, members of regular orders, dukes, duchosses and elerical politicians. Poor old Marshal MacMahon even was drawn to the Palais Mazarin. Not that he hoped for an intellectual treat, for all Monseigneur Perraud's scholarship is Greek to him. But he has property in the town of Autau, which may be termed the cradle of the French part of his race. It was there that his grandfather, Doctor John Patrick MacMahon, made the conquest of a wealthy old pedridden lady and got her, to the exclusion of all her relatives, to make a will in his favor. The ex-President of the Republic appears even duller than he was at the Elysée. Most of the time the speeches were being delivered his chin was on his breast and his head was nodding. When they were done his wife aroused him. He started, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Is it possible that the sermon is already over?" The Duc d'Aumale was not present. He is in Naples on his way to Sicily. Jules Sandeau, the half of whose name George Sand immortalized, was also one of the absent. He is seventy-two years old and dying of jaundice and congested lungs. The pretty Marquise Hervé de St. Denis, whom Baron Stern so greatly admires, came with the Duckess de Luynes. The Princess Laqislas Czartoriska and the Duc de Nemours represented the Orleans family. Of Rothschilds there was a good round number. The Church, the nobility and finance put in an imposing appearance. Journalism was relegated to the cocklofts above the niches. Not much can be said about the ladies' toilets, it being held snowbish to go fashionably dressed to the Academy. There was a bench filled with Hibernian looking priests. They were the directors and professors of the Irish College in the Rue Si. Jacques.

Monseignear d'Autan professes deep sympathy for Ireland and the Irish cause. He would not excuse dynamite at Monceau-les-Mines. But I am not sure that he would not give absolution to the men who are now imprisoned at Kilmainbam. He has written a series of essays on the Green Isle and her early theologians, and has made some tours there. I cannot help thinking that a dash of Hibernian blood runs in his veins. He is like the venerable and enlightened Archbishop Murray, who with the Protestant Archbishop Whateley took Queen Victoria over the Marlborough Street Training School on the occasion of her first visit to Dublin.

It is held proper at the Academy " to keep a chaplain in the house," i. e., to reserve one of the forty arm-chairs for an occlesiastic. Within thirty years four churchmen have been received there, Two-Lacordaire and Gratry-were preachers of splendid eloquence. The third-Monseigneur Dupauloup, Bishop of Orleans-was a zealot; and the fourth is Monseignent Perraud. The Bishop of Autun entered precisely at 2 o'clock. He was escorted by a company of soldiers and accompanied by his spon-This prelate was originally a professor in a high school. He then entered the church and joined the Oratorians. Because he was scholarly and loved Ireland, Madame d'Haussonville pushed him, and obtained for him a chair of theology at the Serbonne. Through the miluence of M. Weiss, his old class-fellow at the Ecole Normale, he obtained the sec of Antun. Since he has gone there he has become ascetic and devoted himself to the poor. His diocese contains several "black" manufacturing towns. Monceau-les-Mines is one of its hives of industry. What Monseigneur has seen there and at Creuzot has made him apprehend a great socialistic rising in France as well as in other European countries. Lazarus, as he strongly put it yesterday, is menacing and exasperated, and will no longer be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

Monseigneur d'Autun is ascetic looking. His cheeks are hellow and cheek bones prominent. His eyes are small and burning—the eyes of an observer and an enthusiast who communes with his own thoughts. They are shaded by well marked brows. The hair is gray and short and the nose is long and pointed. Men of delicate taste often have long, pointed noses. Monseigneur wore a mantle with a red collar and a wide scarf sash of violet. A pastoral cross in gold lay upon his breast.

His task was a difficult one. It was to enlogize a poet whose best poems were magnificent odes gloritying the revolution of 1830. They were feverish, often rhapsodical, but sublime. Swinburne is much nearer to Barbier than to Victor Hugo. When the he did not convey their spirit. His delivery was calm, methodical, and his manner expressed more deference for the audience than for Auguste Barbier. Great address was shown in saluting the revolutionary muse and yet in not appearing to do obeisance to her. What was real thunder in Barbier's mouth was stage thunder in Monseigneur's. The bishop was not a professor of metaphysics for nothing. His diction is scholarly, chastened, elevated without pomposity. The voice has some good qualities but it wants resonance. There is no continuity in its tones. It has effects analogous to thuse of a piano-forte when the pedal is not used. At the close of each sentence one imagines that he has got to the end of his oration and that he is about to utter the final blessing. The general delivery is monotonous. The poor Marshal was not the only one who fell asleen. If he was deferential to his audience, they were (figuratively speaking) on their knees before him.

Apropos of Barbier's fiery odes, the bishop alluded to dynamite and touched upon the social question, which he said was a very old one. But it has lately entered a new phase. Lazarus is no longer a passive, patient beggar, but demands to have a share of the rich man's feast. As God's justice is not to be accomplished by violence, the bishop did not see how peace was to be established except in a general acceptance of the principles of the Gospel. By this he in some degree meant the paramount influence of the Church. The noble tadies clapped gloved hands. They like to patronize charity balls and bazaars and to give money for their souts' health to Sisters of Charity, to their parish priests and spiritual directors. But they regard with horror every scheme for admitting Lazarus to share, as a right, the good things spread out on the banqueting table of Dives. Socialism and the Revolution are both accursed. If Christendom could be only Christendom again, and, like an obedient child of the Church, Lazarus would bear his cross with meckness, when he was dead and proclaimed a saint they would pray for him to interede for them in heaven.

M. Camille Reusset, who answered the bishop, is short and corpalent. Moreover, he is bald, flis complexion is rubicund and he speaks in that peculiar guttural manner which the Fronch call a grasseyment. For this reason his enunciation fatigues the ear of the listener soon. In the first part of his harangue he did not answer anything the bishop said, but laid himself out to give a parallel biography of Barbier. In the last part of his speech he evoked the red spectre and paid Monsouts' health to Sisters of Charity, to their parish

speech he evoked the red spectre and paid Mon-seigneur the compliment of saying he was at the vancuard of the conservative forces. Why I Beseigneur the compensative forces. Why I Because Monceau-les-Mines was in an diocese. The violet robes and the black, white, brown, etc., greatly applauded this. It came in at the per-oration, and after a few words more were uttered the sitting drew to an end.

A new vocabulary is growing up of slang terms to express shades of fashion, gentility and of social distinction, or its contrary, "Chic" has been attacked but holds its ground. "Pschut" attempted to shelve it. "Pschut" has no application outside the world of "high life." There must not only be in "name at the state of the shelp life." tacked but holds its ground. "Pschut" attempted to shelve it. "Pschut" has no application outside the world of "high life." There must not only be in "pschut" style, but striking evidence of wealth. A fleurist in simple but tastefully arranged dress might be "chic," but she could not be "pschut." To get to the latter degree of elegance she should lay hold on the millions of a Bourse Baron. The "gommeux" is giving way to the "boudinet." Those rich cut-a-dash foreigners who get their falls talked of in the Figure are "rastonquiers." Some of them drive in mail coaches of their own to races, buy the dearest pictures at fine art sales, and lose no opportunity to be conspicuous. The German-American Crosus who had a roll-call of his invited guests, and turned out the others, was a "rastonquier rastonquierant." The "rastonquiere" lady adores titled people. When the untitled are famous, she likes them just as well, but never attempts to discover a genius herself. The "rastonquier" must be foreign and wealthy. He must also be indiferent to intellectual culture, but he may aspire to be a connoisseur in nue arts. There are "rastonquiers" who patronize Meissonier and dispute at the Hotel Drouat for Millet's pictures.

The really distinguished foreigner is an "etranger," as the honest, intelligent and not very wealthy Jew is an "Israelite." Lord Hartington

would be, if he settled here, an "etranger." "Jim' Fisk and Tammany bosses would be "rastonquiers," were even the Duc de Morny to pilot them into society. The etymology of slang words is often obscure. "Gommeux" has been wrongly attributed to certain effects produced on the eyes by fast living. It is derived from degommé. When anyone tumbles out of a lucrative position it is said of him: "il est degommé" In longing to be well anchored in the three per cents Becky Sharp wished to have "de la gomne," or power to hold on to the brilliant position to which she climbed. "Gommeux" simply expresses the adhesive capacity of fortune This substantive and the verb degommé may have been suggested by postage stamps which did not well adhere to letters. The root of rastonquiere is rastel, a South of France orgic provided in election times for voters by rich candidates not sure of getting into Parliament.

THE PARIS SALON.

SOME LEADING FEATURES OF THE EXHI-BITION.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. PABIS, April 16.
The realistic school will be more strongly represented at the 1883 Salon than ever. Although the prophet of realism, Edonard Manet, will, owing to itlness, not be an exhibitor, the influence of his example will be strikingly visible. Pseudo "impres sionism" has this year made one convert, notably M. Georges Bertrand, the painter of the fine "Patrie" which carried off a second-class medal at the Salon of 1881. On the other hand, the disciples of such men as Puvis de Chauvannes and Bastien-Lepage bid fair to send fully as many works as usual. Religious and so-called "Academic" pictures are likely to be few and far between, while, as at all Salons for the last fifteen years, a very large proportion of the works hung will be portraits. Neither Gérôme nor Meissonier nor De Neuville nor Détaille nor Munkaesy nor Brezik have sent in pictures. But Ribot, Armand Damaresq and several other old favorites who have been absent from some recent exhibitions, will be scrongly represented; and an American lady artist is, it startle the world with a masterpiece. All who have seen her picture profess to be charmed by it-except, to be sure, a few arrists whose judgment is of course hopelessly warped by envy.

M. Boanat will be represented by two important portraits, one of which will be peculiarly interesting to Americans. The first is that of "Madame Kann," a Russian lady well known in Parisian society. Her dark and eminently "paintable" face is effectively set off by the rich blue velvet of the dress below and the crescent of pearls adorning the masses of black hair above. The other is a lifelike portrait of the United States Minister, the Hon. Levi P. Morton. He is shown in conventional morning dress-a black frock coat, a quiet cravat, and the rest to match. Whether Bonnat has been equal to his reputation in these two soberly painted, conscientions, but by no means striking works, may perhaps be doubted, He has "ran in a greeve" too long, and his brush has lost much of its old cunning.

M. Georges Clairin's portrait of "Madame Krauss" (of the opera) will probably interest even if it does not please visitors to the Salon. The gifted singer is dressed in black, and seated. Her face, seen almost in profile, bas put off its tragic gloom for a time, and is simply majestic.

Mr. Sargent, a brilliant young American who bids fair soon to surpass his fashionable master, M. Carolus Duran, has sent in two portraits this year, one of which-that of "Madame Gantherot," a Patisian pendant to Mrs. Cornwallis West or Mrs. Wheeler, will doubtless be one of the great attractions of the Salon. M. Jules Breton will contribute two charming souvenirs of the Dunes, one entitled "The Rainbow "-a fisherman and a woman riding on an ass, a lowering, rmny sky and a rainbow; the other, entitled "Morning"—an mamense plain stretching far away seaward, a winding stream with cattle grazing on the banks, and two lovers parted by the tiny rivuleta pert, coquettish rustic maiden, and a faint-hearted swain who longs and fears to leap.

M. Bouguereau is to contribute two allegories which will doubtless be admired by many people. The first be calls " Le Soir "-Evening, it is almost needless to remark, being symbolized by a nearly nude figure floating in the dusk. The second and more important work is entitled "Alma Parens"the benign mother being represented with nine pretty children clustering round her and looking upward to her for protection.

M. Bastien-Lepage has sent in a rustic idyl to which he has given the name of "L'Amour au Village." The young English marine painter, Mr. Frederick Sang, will be strongly represented by a fresh bold. "Wreek on the Goodwin Sands," and another seascape. The veteran M. Lumina's has painted one of his finest and most interesting works. In his "Last of the Merovingians" he will show the unhappy Childeric, who was deposed by Pepin le Bref, and condemned to pine in a monastery, in gloomy dungeon, bound hand and foot, and being horn of his yellow locks by a black-robed prior. Two other monks hold him on either side, and on cold stone payement of his prison the rayal captive sees the red mantle and the crown which he is never more to wear.

In the absence of MM, de Neuville and Détaille, M. Armand Damaresq again comes to the fore. He has lately been sacrificing at the altar of the pano rama Moloch, and, having grown accustomed to immensity, has some difficulty in expressing great ideas or putting grand subjects in a small compass. He has sent in a huge and very vigorous battle piece, a souvenir of Bapanme, introducing eques trian portraits of Generals Farre, Lecointe and Pittie. The French have entered a little village near St. Quentin, and are driving the invaders b fore them. In the distance, at the end of the village high street, are the retiring Germans. wrapped in smoke, and larid flames rising from the cottages they have fired to cover their retreat. The village church occapies a promuent place in the

centre of the composition.

Among the "sensational" pictures in the exhibition will be a huge composition by M. Georges Bertrand-"Printemps qui passe"-which will astonial rather than please. He symbolizes the soft and poetic season by five nude females galloping madly toward the spectator on five ill-drawn, heavy, frantic steeds. Overhead are the fresh green leaves and budding flowers of a sunlit avenue. Below is a grassy path strewn with broken branches and more flowers, torn from the trees by the impetuous Amazons. The exuberance and vigor of spring have evidently alone been shadowed forth in this curious allegory The composition, though a trifle coarse, is decidedly clever, but M. Bertrand's color will be sharply

Mr. Bridgman, forsaking the glowing East, has gone to Lafontaine for an inspiration, and found nothing fresher than the well-worn "Cigale." He has interpreted the fable as well as a hundred painters before him. Mr. Henry Mosler, of Cinemati, has sent in a well-drawn Brittany interior, apparently intended to be a pendant to his last year's exhibit, entitled "The Morning of the Wedding." The color is not quite satisfactory and there are signs of effort in the picture, which is certainly not Mr. Mosler's best. M. Vuillefroy, who, with the exception of Van Marcke and Rosa Bonibeur, is probably the greatest fiving cattle-painter in France, is represented by two works: a small but deliciously fresh Normandy scene tabelled "Spring," with a group of calves at the left of the composition, and a wealth of moist, green grass, yellow buttercups, and daisies filling up the foreground; and a more ambitious "souvenir" of Normandy. "Cattle Going Home"—a long line of lazy cows and oxen slowly marching in Indian file across a meadow. M. Jules Lefebyre (who, I hear, has an excellent chance of carrying off the medal of honor this year) will exhibit another nude female figure, a "Psyche," seated on a rock, looking over the dark and sullen waters of the Styr.

M. Comerre, the painter of the "Star of the Ballet," which was so much taked of last year, will be represented by a no less striking "Japonaise"—a portrait of a young lady in a Japanese costume of pink and gold, dashed with brighter reds and standing out from a background of red and gold; and by a large, luminous and fascinating preture entitled Bridgman, forsaking the glowing East, has

ing out from a background of red and gold; and by a large, luminous and fascinating picture entitled "L'Ivresse de Sitene"—a masterly bit of composition and color.

by was wrestling with the sentence,
Rex fugit, which, with a painful slowness
of emphasis, he had rendered "The king flees." "But
in what other tense can the verb fugit be found it asked
the teacher. A long scratching of the head, and a final
answer of "Perfect," owing to a whispered prompting
"And how would you translate it then i" "Dunan."
Why, put a 'haz' in it." Again the tardy emphasis
drawled out: "The king has fleas."—[Waterbury Americau. It was in a Latin class and a dull

LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE LONDON, April 21. Variety, said to be charming, has not been absent from London during this last week of genuine early spring weather. We have had high debate on the pensions to the "Swell of the Ocean," otherwise Lord Alrester, and to Lord Wolseley; we have unveiled a statue to Lord Beaconsfield, dressed ourselves and our uses with primroses in honor of that guileless peer; been to Epsom Spring Meeting, lost our money on Sachem, seen Lord Rosebery sweep the board with horses esteemed very moderate; witnessed the debut of another would be actress, and seen pictures too numerous to

To begin with the Epsom Spring Meeting: Lord Rosebery experienced that special delight of owners of horses, success on his own ground. The youngest-looking nan of his years in the world, not excepting Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, or Mr. John Hare, the actor-manager, is always anxiou to see his colors in front at Epsom, for he lives there part of his time at the charming house called The Durdans, sometime the property of Squire Heathcote, a dead and gone fox-hunter and plunger on the turf and withal as good a fellow as ever breathed, if a little of the Tony Lumpkin order of mankind. In my early youth I saw somewhat of " the Squire," as he was always called, who in the Hastings and Newcastle period of plunging was well known for his tremendous bets, his high-pitched voice and his stove-pipe hat worn well down in the nape of his neel. He came of a sporting family, for Sir Gll-bert Heathcote won the Derby in 1838 with Amato. The Durdans has a private entrance on to Epsom race-ceurse just beyond the paddock into which the house party walk on race days before finding their way to the grand stand. Mr. Gladstone does not attend races, but he often stays from Saturday till Monday during the season with Lord Rosebery, who also entertained the Premier at Daimeny during the celebrated Midlothian campaign. Lord Rosebery, who is an intimate friend of Mr. "Sam" Ward, who has recently paid him a long wisit, is, I need hardly repeat, very wealthy. It is he who after being devoted, more or less, to a young American lady, married Miss Hannah de Rothschild, daughter of the late sporting Euron Meyer de Rothschild, who won the Derby with Favonius and the Leger with the filly named after his own daughter. Lady Rosebery brought her husband the faterest of three millions steriing, which with his own fortune gives him som \$150,000 of yearly income. He is head of the Primrose family, to one member of which occurred the romantic ineldent of marrying a beautiful and accomplished womao whom he was devotedly attached, and who proved to te a bigamist, the wife of a ciergyman from

According to the local story, which is perfectly accurate, the lady was originally a Miss Catherine Canham, of Thorpe-le-Seken, a queer eld village in an out-of-the way part of Essex, recently made a railway junction for the convenience of passengers going to Clacton on Sea and Walton on the Naze, both near Colchester and nearer to Brightlingses, the fishing town which has lost so many men during the late gales. It would seem that atherine was wooed and won by the Vicar of Thorpe-le Arts, inducted into his vicarage in 1745. Mrs. Gough was, a few years after her matriage, passing some tim with friends in London, and choosing to ignore the Vicar still went into society in her maden name. She met a young gentleman who declared himself to be a Florentine on a hosty visit to England. The supposed Miss Canham's charms completely fascinated him, he pro-posed, was accepted, and married her. Immediately happy years in travelling over Europe. While at te cons, Catherine fell ill and on her death bed confessed to ser despairing second husband, that her "first" was liv ing at Thorpe. She also entreated that her body migh was embalated, packed up in a large chest and taken the coast, where her youthful "second" under the name of Mr. Williams, a merchant of Hamburg, chartered a vessel for Erigland. Intending to land at Harwich, he was driven by stress of weather into the Coine—the river on which stands Colchester, the Roman Cameladanim, celebrated until recently for oysters. As he entered the river the Custom House officers boarded the ship, and or of the lady whom he had believed to be legally his wife and stated that he was on his way to take her body to Thorpe-ic-Soken for bu int. Pending the necessary in-quiry the body of Catherine Canham or Gough was desested in the Hythe church for public inspection. The rief and despair of Lord Dalmeny at this sacrings to his idol was, according to contemporary evidence, ter-

became good friends, and determined to give her a splendid funeral. Accordingly in a coffin richly adorned with silver, on July 9, 1752, the wife of two husbands was buried at Thorne-le-Soken and followed to the grave by both of them hand in hand! Lord Dalmeny ravel and declared that he wished to be buried with Catherine,

and actually died three years afterward.

The present Earl is descended, from Neil Primrose, the omantic. Refore his marriage, he was a plunger on the urf and a benyy eard player; but has always been co teemed by Lord Granville, and what is more notable, by Mr. Gladstone, a clever man. He is exceedingly bright and pleasant in manner, and unquestionably very

Never-for a peer!

He only had ten pounds on Roysterer, the winner of the City and Suburban, at the long odds of forty to one, but probably netted a nice little stake by the success of Vista in the little race to which the Great Metropolitan has dwindled of late years. But he no longer bets "lig money," being most probably of opinion that there is no

It now seems likely that the next move in the Belt libe case will come before the judges of the Queen's bench division soon after Whitsuntide, and afford a striking inered in this country. It is quite likely that the case after being decided months ago by the jury with damage for £5,000 for Mr. Belt, will be tried three times over again before it is sent down again to a jury. The judge f the Court of Queen's Bench will in all probability grant s new trini. igher court, that of the Justices of Appeal, and thence possibly go up to the House of Lords, who, if the Lawer hould this occur, the case will become a greater senndal socket £8,000, and will probably be called upon to pay damages. It is absolutely menetrous that such a thin matter of fact and not a point of law.

By the way, the sculptor of the Benconsfield statue un who is said to have been Matthew Noble's "ghost during his lifetime, but was no sculptor, as the Roya him. The unveiting of Signor Raggi's work was largely

To-day Sir Philip Rose, Lord Beaconsfield's confiden tial friend and legal advisor, is buried at St. Margaret's Church, Tyler's Green, near High Wycombe in Bucking-hamshire. Sir Philip's place, Rayners, is near Hughenden, "Dizzy's" old house, now tenanted (by Sir Samuel Wilson, a wealthy Australian squatter. Sir Fhilip Rose den, "Dizzy's" old ho was in the firm of Baxter, Rose & Norton, the solicitors for the Tichborne claimant.

Chess players are all agog here over the London Inter national Chess Tournament, to which £1,800 have been subscribed. Three hundred pounds will go to the winner of the first prize. This is another instance of the rising price of everything in this country. When Andersse of Breslau, and Paul Morphy, from the "States," astonished the world, £100 was considered an enormous sur to be won by the best chess-player in the world.

The price of mutton and the scarcity of sheep have in duced the Queen to take a step which, saving the respect due to Her Majesty and to the excellence of her intentions, must appear eccentric. She has ordered that no lamb shall be consumed in the Royal Household this year. It would argue slight knowledge of my countrymen, and above all countrywomen, to underrate the importance of this action by the Queen. Loyalty degenerates into snobblahness, and fools who have no opinion of their own imitate anything done by the Royal Family. Whether, at a time of year when mutton is not at its best, people will give up lamb, is, however, an open question. The Chenpaiders undoubtedly will: but I doubt the genuine would argue slight knowledge of my countrymen, and

gourmand making a feel of himself. It would hardly become me to point out that political economy is clear upon the subject. To leave off buying anything is to re strict production, and in this present case to discourage sheep-farming, and thus intensify instead of diminishing scarcity. Yet I distinctly heard an M. P. say at din ner two nights ago that capitalists would buy up the unsalable lambs and let them grow into sheep. what purpose," it was asked; "To reduce the price of

mutton and thus depreciate their own stock!" This is a stupid country, but capitalists are bester This is a stupid country, but capitalists are better advised than to deal with failing stock for the purpose of bringing it still lower! And just now as a friendly circur reminds me, is the season at which so many dinners are given because there is nothing to eat! The absence of venison and every kind of game reduces our dinners to a learnin monotony. Oysters, too, go out of season with this month, and asparagus is still dear. Hence heyond spring soup of some kind, salmon, whitebait, lamb, spring chickens, qualis, Bordeaux pircous, duckings and goslings, there is nothing to eat but beef and mutton.

invention as well as memory, and I have recently tried with excellent effect not only gumbo soup but a shoulder of lamb "devilled"—that is, just a little reasted, after which the "devilled"—that is, just a little reasted, after which the "devilled"—that is, just a little reasted, after which the skin, as if it were what doctors call a "subcattenhar injection." Then the joint, as the club rook tells me, is put on a gridiron over a sharp fire and broiled. Very dry champagne is the only drink with this fine dish. In this frightful condition of things one is driven to

this fine dish.

Boullabaisse, the famous Provençal stew of fish, also shows signs of coming into fashion. It is, however, subject to the same objection as sauerkraut. Everybedy in the company must eat some or the solitary offender be extiled to the middle of Salisbury Plain until approachable within forty rods.

Dr. Evans, of Paris, has been staying at Sandringham. He has been immortalized by Daudet.

Mr. C. Sugrien is coming back to the stage. He is the actor who ran away with, and after divorce, married the first Lady Desart. Lord Desart did better the second time in marrying Miss Bischoffsheim and a heap of money. His wife's sister married Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry and owner of Valentia Island, where the Atlantic cable-ends are. The children will thus be Irish German Jews—a hitherto untried race; for Ireland like Scotland is too poor a country to tempt the children of israel.

I beard a droll conversation last night about Mrs. Alfred Maddick's performance as Lady Clancarty. It was an old illustration of Question and Auswer: Q.—What did you think of Mrs. Maddick I. A.—A lovely woman!

-A lovely woman!
-But how did she play Lady Clancarty!
-Her eyes are large, dark and velvety!
-But was she a success!
-Figure absolutely delicious!

A.—Figure absolutely delicious:
Q.—But, hang it, can she act,!
A.—Houth and teeth both perfect!
Q.—Confound you, old man, how does she act !
A.—I have told you.

REVEILLE.

The long green blades of the lilies

Are drawn from their sheath of mould;
Are drawn from their sheath of mould;
Not yet are their cups uplifted
Of mortled and beaten gold.
The drowse of long sleep is upon them,
Scarce yet hath their revel began,
Till drunken with vintage and laughter
They reel 'neath the mid-summer sun. Then they lift up their golden goblets

And garner the dew divine,
White-headed with sparkle and sweetness
Of stars, like Sirmian wine.
And they drink till the moon is stranded,
They qualf till the night is done,
And life is alert with the flaming
Red fire of the rising sun.

The rods of the jessamme twinkle-The rods of the jessamme twinkle— Not yet with the light of her stars; The pink-tufted queen of the meadow Stands not by the mossed meadow bars; The porpy lies still, as old Egypt asleep, The dream-fillet fast bout her head. The hyacinth's fled from the garden; The volet nods with the dead,

But hark! 'tis the wind on the mountain, The breath of the South, warm and sweet; His pipe calls the rill from the feuntain. His pipe calls the rill from the fountain, The sap from the root with swift feet. And bark! 'tis the rain that is humming

And hark! 'the the rain that is miniming.
The song that is stung by the sea:
In its wake is the green grass springing,
The bad and the leaf on the tree.
Its lootiall will waken the poppy.
Her dream immensorial is done;
Hearts of bloom! wake! awake! he happy!
In the wind, the rain and the sun.

HOW SHALL THE MAMMOTH MILLION-NAIRE ENJOY HIMSELF?

Those who watch the new maninoth millionnaires now coming forward in such numbers from America and Australia, say that one dennite reason for dreading them is their incapacity for spending their fortunes in ambeing themselves. A man who has made twenty millions sterling, say, by vast "corners" in railway shares, finits that unless he goes on making money, or is one of those fortunate persons who can continuously devote themselves to an object, the excess to which his fortune transcends that of other rich men is of very little use to him. He can, of course, get out of it all the personal lixing, and purple and fine them generally, that he may happen to wish for, but in those things there is for him no special satisfaction. Anybody with, say, £50,000 a year, or other bread-and-butter fortune of that kind, can buy all the personal lixing he can enjoy, including in some places so tai delerence; and the manmoth millionnaire wants something more. He wants to feel the value of the difference between enjoy, including in same pinces so this delegence; and they have left the body, higher the manufacturing more. He wants to feel the value of the difference between his resources and those of the merely rich, to do or all this, he became furious and threatened in very underesting forms and those of the merely rich, to do or all this, he became furious and threatened in very underesting forms and those of the merely rich, to do or all this, he became furious and threatened in very underesting forms and those of the merely rich, to do or all this, he became furious and threatened in very underesting forms and the sources and those of the merely rich, to do or all this, he became furious and threatened in very underesting forms and the sources and those of the merely rich, to do or all this, he became furious and threatened in very underesting forms and the sources and those of the merely rich, to do or all this, he became furious and threatened in very underesting forms. Elements of the thing his precises with sufficient care with sudvecacy of the Flatbush are, extension to the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised with and four millions to the debt, and the same is something more than this, his previous will add four millions to the debt, and enjoy something which those of the merely rich, to do or the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised to the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised to the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised to the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised to the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised to the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised to the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best in the bridge is going to prevail. It is a blow at established the best is premised to the bridge is going to prevai modern form of the wishing cap in a degree to which no one else can pretend, and it is difficult to wish too anything that nobe y with a smaller cap can get. He can travel about if he likes, travel very pleasantly; but so can the ordinarily wealthy man, money beyond a certain amount adding little either to the enjoyment or the conveniences of travel. The present writer was travelling once on the track of an Empress, and was so inconvenienced by her wealth that he watched to see what it gave her. It was very little indeed, nothing compared with what she obtained from her European rank. When crossing the Aips she swept up for two days in advance every available horse, engaging at one point no less than eighty; but she could only sit in one place in one barouche, and moved, on the whole, no quicker than other people. The huge suite seemed to be merely a burden, choking up the roads, calling forth tiresome crowds, and semetimes creating wearisome delays. There was a physician, for instance, who actually felt ill, to the loss of eleven hours. The Empress upset the travelling arrangements of a great ine for three days by her requirements in the way of a special train and extra preceautions; but any one rich enough to hire a saloon-carriage for himself, and pay for a pilotengine in front, a matter of less than a pound a mile, would have travelled with lost as much per sonal enjoyment. The Empress's rank, no donot, helped her greatly in opening maccessible castles, attracting experts as ciceroni, and securing her near Naples a paradise to live in which no money would have purchased; but the command of millions of itself procured no more than thousands would have done.

As to creating a grand place—the idea which Edgar Poe puts into the head of his imaginary million.

seif procured no more than thousands would have done.

As to creating a grand place—the idea which Edgar Poe puts into the bead of his manginary millionnaire—it is to be done, no doubt, with skill and judgment; but when the colossal once enters into an enterprise of the kind, it becomes unenjoyable. No private man would be happier even in his own thoughts for creating a Versailles, and short of Versailles, half a nallion well kild out will do all that is required. To "found a family," in the English sense, is in America or Australia impossible; and a great estate gives comparatively little influence, and, beyond a certain limit quite attainable by any rich man, no particular pleasure. What is the use of owning square miles when nobody will "cap" to vou, or vote for you, or recognize your greathess in any way that is not half-bostie! Of course, if the mammoth millionnaire is a collector, he can make a mammath collection; but when once you have acquired all the smult-boxes, or jade bowls, or line cat's eyes to be procured, a thousand more specimens add very little to your gratification. A collection loses its charm when it is magnified into a museum. Besides, all these things cost comparatively little. They can, any one of them, be done to any reasonable extent by a man with a hundred thousand a year; and wegare talking of the millionnaires, to whom that necome seems respectable tively little. They can, any one of them, be done to any reasonable extent by a man with a hundred thousand a year; and wegare talking of the millionnaires, to whom that income seems respectable poverty. The true manmoth Creams is forced to accumulate by the difficulty of getting rid of his money, and soon finds that ready to use it with a visible result adequate to the power expended, there is no way except to increase and increase his business operations. That is the reason why, in America, he continues his trade; and why his son, with still greater wealth, will be tempted to continue after him, and to keep on rolling up the snowball till smaller men declare, as they are declaring now about the railway kings, that its bulk is becoming dangerous. coming dangerous.

"A friend of mine who is vicar of St. Cleer a parish in the east of Cornwall has told me that at least one housemaid of his—I think his servants in general—very anxiously avoided killing a spider, because Parson Jupp, my friend's predecessor (whom he succeeded in 1844) was, it was believed, somewhere in the vicarage in some spider—no one knew in which of the vicarage spiders. What a future is, it seems, possibly reserved for Christian ministers! To kill flies, like Domitian!"

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-

WAY LOUNGER. The price demanded for The New-York World property, building included, is said to be near \$600,000; which somewhat repels the numerous young men wishing to distinguish themselves in transferring Western journalism to New-York.

Captain Shackleford, who is to command Mr. Gorld's yacht Atalanta, is a native of Maine, well read, of superior address and perfect balance of nature and accomplishments. He came off to the steamer last summer with Consul Packard at Liverpool and told me that the Philadelphia Line could not earn their interest and he supposed he might get out of a lob. That line, however, has been exceptionally stanch and safe and bears out the boast of Messrs. Cramp, who teld me that in every collision between an American and a British iron ship the latter smashed like crockery, British iron being brittle. Fackard, I may add, though a Protectionist, believes we would do well to buy English steamers, as he has seen so many American sea captains become foreign sailing masters from necessity, and once gone they never return to their American allegiance; one such offered \$40,000 more for an American than a British steamer of the same tonnage, but could not pay \$100,000 more, the sum demanded. Packard has worn very well in Liverpool, and is regarded there as a discreet, kind, manly person. His predecessor, Governor Fairchild, was so popular there that the first impression was unfavorable to Packard, but by the weight of character and modest rectitude he has become if possible stronger than Fairchild. Mrs. Packard was a native of Louisiana and the daughter of a Swedish sea captain. She has educated her interesting family of daughters in

Going to Europe has got to be nearly a matter of economy. The fare to London direct is only \$110 to go and return, or say \$4 a day, merely hotel rates. Carriage fare in Europe is about sixpence a mile; in this country about two shillings a mile. What can account for such an extraordinary difference, particularly since we raise all the corn and fodder and most of the oats ! The railway companies might relieve us from the exactions of back-masters, and the Pennsylvania Railroad has put a score of Hansoms at a quarter of a dollar the course in its new Philadelphia depot. Why not in New-York too Last summer I paid but a pound to be driven with a friend from Nottingham to Newstead Abbey and back, a round distance of twenty miles.

B. De Randolph Keim, made Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, I know very well. He is of the old Bavarian and Palatine race called the Pennsylvania Dutch, and became a war correspondent with fair sucto Washington City and another on Indian warfare, Keim is not an idealist, and he is a thrifty, money-getting fellow; but he never came out in any investigation as a bribe-taker, which is quite exceptional in Washington. He has been preparing for years to write a large history of Pennsylvania. Hamilton Fish once had some Cameron was growling against the Administration for giving him no appointments. "I gave you Keim," said Fish. "He is not my appointment," said Cameron; "I repudiate it." "He is your appointment," said Fish.
"I deny it." "Here is your letter asking for it, and I take it for granted that when a man writes a letter asking for an appointment be means it.

William C. Kingsley told me last week that he built a railroad tounel on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Gallitzin when he was a boy of twenty-one. He is now fifty-one years old and next to Henry Ward Beecher has the most distinguished reputation in Brooklyn. Both he and his father were born in the United States. He has. with Mr. Stranahan, resuscitated Brooklyn, continentalized it, and made it ready for consolidation with New-York. He belongs to the rank of Captain Eads, H. I. Kimball, Peter Herdick, A. R. Shepard, Henry Meigs and William Raiston, material forwarders and creators of large cities. He is tall, straight, raw-boned, of dig-nified and often humorous address, loving a practical oke, laborious, patient, driving. From very general traducement Mr. Kingsley's neighbors now change to idulation and speak of him for Governor and President. The two noble monuments which suspend the bridge will always recall the memory of two strong men: Roebling and Kingsley.

Judge Moore, of Brooklyn, observed to me last week that the most remarkable trait of American character was its acquiescence in the decisions of the courts. Judge McCue remarked at the same little gathering that he thought the best feature of a man's character was fidelity to his friends. Judge Pratt, also sitting by, said that he, although a Democrat, sadmired the intelligent and sturdy following in the Republican party which would neither lose Leart nor be imposed upon, and could reover energy with an clan that was perfectly veteran. Seth Low passed the club window as we were sitting there and was respectfully complimented, but I do not

As beautiful a brunette as is seen on our streets is Mrs. Joseph Politzer, who is a native of the upland country near Washington City. Her husband was presented to her by John B. Clark, a family friend. Pulit-

The old mistress of William M. Tweed is living to a has a family by another celebrated city politician. Their father was the chief gambler in this city thirty years ago, and they were considered the finest women in the Broadway promenade. Both married and took to pleasure, and it is charged that Mr. Tweed's friend not only obtained a million from him but caused his imprisnment and death by refusing to accompany him abroad and he was too fascinated with her to fly alone. Like Jack Sheppard, he clung to the city for the sake of Edge-

A friend of mine saw and visited Peter B. Sweeny is Paris recently. He was looking ten years younger, had n interest in a French manufacturing establishment, had very imperfectly acquired the French language which he was still studying, and lived in a beautiful flat near the Champs Elysee. His wife, formerly the wife of Page, the artist, and his daughter by her, a beautiful roman like the mother, were off at Biarritz. Sween, till poked up and down the by-streets as he used to do here, and talked incessantly of New-York and the hun dreds of men here who, he said, had proved ungrateful for favors. He thought he should never return. Por tions of his own family have never forgiven his mar-

Martin Brown, the City Printer, is said to clear \$100,000 a year in his printing establishment. His wife is one of the handsome blowdes of the city, with skin fair as a babe's and eyes of amtable enjoyment

the chief instrument in bringing S. S. Cox to New-York and electing him to Congress during the war. John McKeon threatened to oppose him on account of son strictures on the Pope in his " Buckeye Abroad," Tweed John Fox's district the boys would not have it. Cox is very happy in a most amiable wife and wife's connections, the Hardenburgs. He aspires both to the Vic Presidency and the Speakership. He has been twice lefeated in twenty-four years, but only out of Congress one term, as he was elected after the last defeat to the

John Duft, son of his father of that name, who was in the Credit Mobilier, says: "I always regarded, as die my father, the hue and cry against the Congressmen who were presented with stock in the construction cot pany of the Union Pacific Railroad as very unreasonable and unjust. My father particularly considered Senator Patterson, of New-Hampshire, as an injured man. The scheme was well adapted to confuse Congressmen. amounted to this: 'We find the railroad can be built at a large profit on the subsidy the Government has already voted. So we will not play the hog but allow a few me who have been kind to us to participate in our profits. It is a purely voluntary act on our part, springing from good feeling. We are fortunate and you are poor, and we want to give you a little help.' For this kindness Mr. Ames and others were hounded to their graves."

Mr. Albert W. Orr, publisher of The Gastronomer, made the discovery that when President Arthur bought his house he had only \$3,000. Stopping into a saloon in the eighborhood of it to get a cocktail one night the tapster beauty." There he planted the home stake.

Some preachers' children are and were Presiden Arthur, H. W. Beecher, John Wesley, George L. Scnev.

"Baron" Evans, Calvin Brice, the James boys, Gov-ernors Pattison and Cleveland, the Potter family, Mante the privateer, Powell the assassin of Seward, Lizzie Ely or Blackford, Chancellor Bates, Hugh J. Jewett.

I saw the banks of the Delaware River near Narrowsburg lined with huge telegraph poles during the week, evidently designed to be erected in the large cities.

I hear that the saws and tools of both Hoe's and Disston's manufacture have routed English and other foreign competition in every country to which they have gone. The commerce will return when the manufactures excel and undersell.

Ex-Speaker Grow was telling me last week some anecdotes of Thaddeus Stevens, who once, defendening the public schools that had with difficulty been legalized, said that the Pennsylvania Dutch cared nothing for educating their sons and daughters provided they could import and breed fine pigs and cattle and horses. This was made the most of by Stevens's enemies and he had to defend himself publicly when he went back to Gettysburg, and did it with the argumentum ad hominem. "Hsn't it truet" he said. " You, Jake Snyder, have got a ram that cost you a thousand dollars and none of your daughters can read. You, Hans Deitman paid four thousand dollars for a bull, but make all your sons work winter and summer. You, Jimmy Lootman, own Westphalia boars and brood sows, and can't read yourself. Don't you love your beasts better than your children and your minds?" The honest Dutchmen began to confer: "That is right," they said; "he only told the truth." Stevens, instead of Muhlenberg, should have a monument in the capital.

Riding during the week over the Eric Railroad that has become like a rib of the granite earth with time and improvement, I was interested in the very solid character of the Delaware and Lackawanna's new double tracked steel railway from Binghamton to Buffalo. Its bridges are all of iron or steel in delicate trusses and with soild stone abutments and plers, and the road is graded high so as to seem in the air like a rampart. It is an encomi-um upon the engineers of thirty years ago that no better routes have been found to the West than they located, and both the Erie and the Central Railroad have been paralleled so that now ten steel tracks instead of two cross the State of New-York, equal to the entire aggresippi River. And all tracks lead to Rome. The metropolitan district now exceeds the population of Paris and in another generation will leave London behind.

McDonald is well satisfied with his boom. He regards it as steady in Indiana and Illinois and substantial in New-York and Pennsylvania, and growing further West and South. Harmony is Uncle Mac's platform; take care of the Vice-Presidential candidates and the Presidential cranks will take care of themselves. McDonald and wife recently paid a visit to his cousin, Donn Platt, at Macacheek, Ohio. Their mothers were sisters or

"The process of making it inconsistent with comfort or self-respect to take a public office is going on as savagely as the destruction of the American forests," says Major Bundy. This reminds me of three men, James Steedman, Senator Kellogg and F. J. Herron. The first saved the day of Chickamauga by a long march and willing battle; he became the chief Federal officer as New-Orleans under President Johnson. Two weeks ago his surety, General Herron, was adjudged responsible for Steedman's debts, to the amount of \$100,000. Herron performed a still greater march in the war and completely wiped out the army of Hindman at Prairie Grove. He was a candidate for United States Senator and trusted o'er fondly to William Pitt Kellogg, also & soldier in the war and the stormy petrel of Southern pol-ities. Now Steedman is poor and held to be a defaulter; Herron is mulcted out of his labors in the North for Steedman's bills, and Kellogg is indicted between Tilden's detectives and his fellow-collector Arthur's lawyers. Yet all these men have been physically brave and politically important. Steedman was a lion in battle, Herron offered the first company to the Government that it accepted, and Kellogg was several times almost assassinated.

The bravest races are the least independent, bravery seing an ornament of character rather than integral. The greater quality is caution; added to moral courage to becomes sagacity; added to liberality and activity it becomes enterprise. The Montenegrin, the Corsican, the Scotch Highlander, the detached Celt, the Barbary pirate, the Turk, are brave beyond reflection. Their in-dependence is denied or is useless. Communities governed by nothing but individuality are still jungles. Where arms are carried, open or concealed, disrespect for society is implied. Government by secret societies is assassination tempered by tyranny and treachery. Here extremes meet and the Molly Magnire adopts the institutions of his religious enemy, the Carbonari.

Dr. H. von Holst, in his curious biography of Calhoun, whom he regards as very wrong but not responsible for it and extra human and pure almost everywhere, remarks that Calhoun" never would have become a great lawyer because he was not objective enough to examine Von Holst says: "No such publication (instigating slaves to insurrection) had ever been issued by any American press " in 1835, when " President Jackson invited Congress to pass a law prohibiting the circulation through the mails of incendiary publications." Doctor read the life of Benjamin Lundy and he will find illa near Cos Cob, on the shore of the Sound. Her sister that the year preceding the Nat Turner insurrection incentive of Jackson's message, a Bostonian addressed the slaves through the mails, in point telling them it was their duty to rise. This is the empire of facts, not of whimsicalities.

> Part of the week I spent in Cincinnati looking at the dramatic Jumbo or jubilee. The greatest audience in numbers and patient docility ever collected in the numbers and patient doctify ever conserved in the drama, perhaps, was the main feature. The stage was well handled when the overloyed manager knocked off his picnics to attend to it. The actors were as good as we possess, leaving out Booth and Modjeska. Rhéa was encouraged in her study of Euclish for the sake of he wardrobe. Clara Morris, given the little wee part of Smilia only, under the illusion that she is still gruel-fed, gave it the electrical touches which show that in her eclipse Jupiter's moons have been Thespis's only light. The artist spirit, not often seen in our rugged American acting, flashed in that little part and kept school upon the o'erthrouged stage. Miss Anderson looked the Queen of Scots instead of Desdemona, yet died like the swan in loud strong note and arching neck. How quaint are the ways of beauty! Her father was a poor Confederate soldier, whose place of death no human voice de clares; but in her he left a jewel. She is still learning and needs to learn most with her spine and hands to get old crookednesses out of them. McCullough was modest, not very strong, yet devoted to his work,-a noble p ptl without any vices of action and speech, yet not speaking from the chest nor walking from the knees. He can yet do both. Barrett was limber and supple as a fencer, bus o'er does his voice and countenance and wants to let his words go like his feet, skippingly. Booth is a long way ahead of both these men in magnetism, which they both lack. The costumer was in his giory ; the scene painter belonged to no clime, he dipped his brush in melted belonged to the covered to the cover show, and murmured, "Oh, how nice!"

WHAT IT COSTS TO DRESS A FRENCH WOMAN.

From Galignani.

The Gaulois recently stated that it would very much like te know what a Parisian lady spent on annual average upon her toilet alone. It has now received an estimate from "a very elegant and wealthy woman," who judges of the requirements of a lady in her own position, "one having her trousseau complete, laces, jeweiry and wardrobe," and living in iuxury. The estimate therefore exclusively refers to the "maintenance expenses" in respect to the stock-in-trade of fan freluches and fanfoles referred to, and it is as follows: From Galignani

Lingère Cordonniere Cordonniere Ganteric, bas, rubans, nœuds, eravates, filet bioelots, crèpe-line Dentelis d'assge Parfumeric, coffour, fleurs Ombrelles, paraphiles	4.0 1.5 6.0 3.0 4.5
Total	

To this must be added a washing bill of about 600 francs per month; the dyeing of silks, stockings, etc., 300 francs; and cleaning and mending; 200 francs. These items would amount to 13,200 francs per annum, bringing up the grand total to 47,700 francs. In all this there is absolutely no exaggeration whatever unless it be in the lady's tastes.